

The Sweetest Comforts in Life. © Xen.

One of the tenderest stories I ever heard came from a well-seasoned nurse who was nobody's fool. She started out as a nurse's aid in a Hospice. The work was emotionally taxing at best. A patient she still remembered was an old woman dying of cancer. It takes a lot of dying before a person dies. On this woman's deathbed, in the last few minutes before she passed, the aid asked her patient if there was anything she could get or do to comfort her. The old woman whispered, 'All I need now is a man and peppermint stick...' The nurse thoughtlessly remarked, 'What would you do with a man...' The old woman disgustingly glared at her, then looked away and continued staring out of an open window until passing only moments later. Soon after, recalled the nurse, "it occurred to me what that old woman meant and how heartless were my words. She understood what I did not. ***When facing death, to her the sweetest comforts were in the security of warmly holding a man, perhaps as a frightened child holds her father or favorite stuffed doll, while savoring a soothing peppermint candy.***" Often that is how it goes, the brain has no heart and heart has no brain. When speaking from the heart it may seem thoughtless. When speaking from the head it may seem heartless. 'I was thinking not feeling,' said the nurse. If living and dying were only in the simplicity of holding loved ones and the taste of peppermint sticks...